WEEKLY MONITOR.

VOL. I. No. 16.

TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE,
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, NINTH MONTH 29 1804.

BIOGRAPHY.

MADAME DE MAINTENON,

(Concluded.)

The queen, recovering her sight and speech, asked for madame de Maintenon, who had retired to be at liberty to weep. She went to the bed side, the queen drew her ring off her finger, and gave it to her, perhaps from a secret presage of what was to happen, or that she was willing to leave her an undoubted mark of her esteem; or, what is equally probable, to signify to the king the choice he ought to make, if he should one day resolve to despise prejudice, and render himself truly happy. Having now reached that moment, when all, except virtue and piety, is nothing, she was going to discover her affections for the only irreproachable woman in the most licentious court in the world; but the words died upon her lips, and an articulate sound, interrupted by agonising sighs, was only heard. Madame de Maintenon endeavored to suppress her grief, but in vain; she reasoned like a Christian, who ought to bear affliction with fortitude, and a moment afterwards filled the room with her piercing cries. After the death of the queen, the king became every day more charmed with madame de Maintenon; thought nothing great, nothing meritorious, but what she suggested, and what she performed; and resolved to place her above calumny. Louis, pushed on by his passion, and, perhaps, perplexed by his scruples, resolved to open his whole heart to his confessor. Whatever passed between the confessor and his penitent was an impenetrable secret; though it cannot be doubted, but that father de la Chaise was as much embarrassed, as pleased with such a distinguishing confidence. He demanded eight days to consider on what the king had imparted to him; no affair was ever more delicate, he was not permitted to have recourse to the opinions of others, the secret was confined to him alone. To render the king's passion lawful, was easy, but how could he reconcile it with his glory? The Jesuit was restrained by a thousand different prejudices; the royal dignity, public opinion, furnished strong ones; even the king's, in spite of the soft sophistry of love, were difficult to get over.—He found it necessary to rise above those considerations of decorum, the least of which would have stopped a man who had less fortitude and less wisdom. To reconcile the dictates of his conscience with the respect he owed the lovers, he proposed to unite them by the indissoluble ties of a secret marriage, but performed with all the ceremonies of the church. The king was charmed with this scheme, but either because he was ashamed to offer his hand, without offering his throne at the same time, or because he was apprehensive he saould not be sufficiently master of himself not to offer both, he commanded father de la Chaise to make the first proposal. Madame de Maintenon, astonished, motionless, confused, listened, interrupted, exclaimed, asked if it was not a dream, a snare, a jest, and made the Jesuit repeat a thousand times what she could not persuade herself to believe, yet was never tired with hearing. Joy, gratitude, modesty, anxiety, curiosity, and love, shared her divided heart; she saw those wishes she had sought to repress, all granted; those hopes she dared not to indulge, fulfilled. She thanked God, the king, and father de la Chasie; recovering from her transport, she replied, that the king might dispose of her destiny, that she had no will but his.—Her joy subsiding by degrees, she reflected calmly upon the proposals that had been made her. A private contract! Her delicacy was wounded, her virtue was alarmed; who could answer for the king's heart? He was candid, sincere, generous, but still young enough to be inconstant. The more she examined this affair, the greater were her apprehensions; she had now charms enough to please him, graces enough to fix his affection; but that beauty, which time had hitherto spared, would be totally defaced in a few years, and possession would abate his passion. Why might he not be disgusted with her, who had ceased to love madame de Montespan? Might not private reaons, intrigues of state, treacherous counsellors, inventive malice, prevail upon him to cancel a marriage, his reason condemned? After her death, how might her memory be treated? During her life, would not France consider her as his concubine, the public know no mean between the mistress, and the wife of the king? These thoughts were opposed by others equally powerful. Was it for a subject, an attendant on the Dauphiness, the widow of Scaron to demand security of her king? She owed him all, and it was fit that she should sacrifice every thing but virtue to so noble a benefactor. He might change, his affections might wander to some other woman; it would be her duty to fix or to recal him. He might possibly revenge himself on her by a cruel indifference, for the resolution which love had forced him to take; she must then resolve to suffer with patience.

If this mysterious marriage had its inconveniencies, it had also its advantages; it secured to her the influence of a mistress, which the title of queen seems to destroy; it dispensed with those disagreeable ceremonials annexed to that rank, and subjected the king to all the pleasing solicitudes of love. Father de la Chaise determined her, by declaring that the king could not live without her; that marriage could alone preserve him from the fatal consequences of his passion, and that the care of her reputation ought to yield to a motive so powerful: He reasoned with her on her scruples, and love subdued them. Her tenderness for Louis prevailed over all the specious arguments urged by honor and decorum, and formed those ties which rendered the king's passion lawful, without exalting the rank of Madame de Maintenon, who became greater, but not more elevated. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Paris and the confessor, in the ancient chapel of Versailles, Bontems, first groom of the chamber to the king, and the marquis de Montchevrevil being witnesses. Madame de Maintenon was always extremely fond of children, and had a particular talent for educating them: She was never without some girls in her house, whom she delighted to instruct in her leisure moments. As soon as the first rays of sovereignty shone upon and distinguished her, she conceived the design of some establishment in favor of girls of condition, that were born to no fortunes. The situation she had formerly been in herself, made her eagerly seek the means of relieving them, and inspired her with a resolution of freeing them from a state more dangerous to virtue, than humiliating to birth. The castle of Maintenon may be called the cradle of St. Cyr: and Madame de Brinon, who, by losing her mother, lost all her support, displayed a zeal which thirsted after riches only to be bountiful. She undertook to educate the children for Madame de Maintenon, to whom several pensioners were added. The report of this establishment spread over the provinces. Madame de Maintenon was solicited on all sides: she was so moved with the poverty of the noblesse, and at the sight of the children which were presented to her, that, after having sold her jewels, her horses, and even her clothes, she mixed her tears with theirs, and said to them, "Providence will not abandon you; I was born as poor, and more unhappy than you are." Beauty, joined with poverty, never suffered a denial; to snatch from the seduction of the world such girls, whose blooming charms exposed them to all its snares, was one of her favorite charities. But time, which puts a period to all human actions, also terminated those of Madame de Maintenon, but not till some time after the death of Louis XIV. During the time of that Monarch's last illness, she caused a bed to be put up for her in his apartment. The king took leave of all his friends without a tear, but when he came to take leave of Madame de Maintenon, he could no longer refrain; exclaiming, "My only affliction is to part with you, but I hope to see you again in eternity." On the death of the king her first care was to disentangle herself from the incumbrance of her household, moderate as that was. Calling her domestics together, she thanked them for their faithful services, distributed a few presents among them, and then dismissed them. She kept only two women servants and a valet de chambre, who lodged without the walls. Her whole income was set apart for the relief of some noble families; she scarce reserved any part of it for her own use, and often denied herself common necessaries; generous to others, avaricious only to herself. By letters patent the community of St. Cyr was expressly ordered to maintain her, but she paid the community a pension of four thousand francs, and was still apprehensive of being burthensome to it. Her repasts, always frugal, were now more so than ever, having reduced herself to a single dish; her supper used to be a dish of chocolate; after the first evening she denied herself even that. She died April 15, 1719. She had the air of a person sleeping composedly. Her countenance appeared more beautiful and respectable than ever. No words can express the grief, the consternation and dismay of the whole community of St. Cyr. Tears and groans first broke the melancholy silence; each regretted that portion of happiness which was ravished from her; she was lamented as the general mother of all. The house resounded with the piercing cries; even the servants mixed their lamentations with those of the ladies and children. No order was observed, the exercises were interrupted. Sometimes a profound silence shewed the excess of their affliction, sometimes deep groans gave that affliction utterance. The Duke de Noalles, after reading her will, gave orders for the last melancholy ceremonies to be performed. Although Madame de Maintenon had desired to be interred in the church yard belonging to the community, yet the Duke caused a vault to be made in the choir of the church, in which the body, embalmed and wrapped in lead, was deposited.

ESSAYS.

ON SEDUCTION.

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

That the miseries to which mankind are exposed in this earthly pilgrimage are incalculable, is a position which is, I believe, universally allowed, and which sad experience daily renders more indisputable. To whatever object, or subject we direct our attention, we shall find, alas! that vicissitude and anguish are principal ingredients in its composition. The shafts of Adversity pierce the most elevated, as well as the humblest spheres of life; no state, no circumstances, ean claim exemption from what I might term, the *universal doom*; but all alike are born to trouble. In this our probationary situation, there is no complete happiness; every thing is precarious; friends, health, and riches, are possessions which, when in their highest enjoyment, we can scarcely call our own; and, above all, upon so unstable a foundation, does the fabric of our very existence depend, that if in this inhospitable world only we have hope, we are indeed, most miserable. In our most populous cities, and more particularly in the Metropolis, scenes of wretchedness every moment present themselves to our view; to enumerate them, however, according to the remark made in the outset of my paper, is impracticable; neither were it otherwise, would the pursuit be attended with satisfaction or advantage. I shall, therefore, in the present paper, confine myself to one of the least regarded, but not least afflictive sources of misery; which, owing to the villany of my own, and the too credulous simplicity of the fairer sex, produces such a multiplicity of evils. When speaking, however, of the calamities of life, it is necessary to make a distinction between those sent

by the hand of Providence on messages of mercy, and those by sinful indulgencies, and palpable errors, we bring upon ourselves.

Who, that possesses a mind not totally insensible to feeling and humanity; who, that in his commerce with this unfriendly world, has not entirely forgotten every tender sentiment, and all the finer sensibilities of the heart, but must drop a tear for the poor female outcasts of society, who nightly present themselves to his view in the principal streets of this mart of luxury and dissipation?—who, that is in possession of one benevolent sensation, but must weep to behold so many beautiful emblems of Nature's finest workmanship, procuring, by infamy and vice, a wretched subsistence; and when, too, every concommitant circumstance taken into consideration, parents, by the misconduct of children, brought to untimely graves; society robbed of many of its fairest ornaments, capable, had they continued walking in paths of comparative innocence, of producing so inconceivable a portion of happiness; capable of being good children, good parents, affectionate wives, and amiable members of Christian society: who, that thus reflects upon the melancholy reverse, but must weep, poor deluded sisters, for your present condition? The hardships to which ye are exposed, the inclement seasons ye are compelled to endure, the diseases to which ye are liable; when we consider these things, and the frailty of these mortal bodies, we cannot but look upon ye as within one step of the grave. And, Oh, God! when we remember this world is not your abiding city, but, on the contrary, a short, fluctuating and probationary pilgrimage, and that, after its expiration, there will come, at an appointed season, a great judgment day, in which the books will be opened, wherein is most accurately noted every idle word ye have spoken, every sinful action ye have committed, and every vicious desire which has had a place in your bosoms: and when we further remember ye are to be judged out of these books; what, Oh! what will become of ye, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved?—What will be your doom?

But, perhaps, ye have been unfortunate, and are not altogether criminal.—A seducer ————. In the season of youthful ardor, did you, too credulous fair one, listen to the syren voice of love? Did vows and repeated protestations beguile you, when yet unacquainted with the wiles of man? from the happy path of virtue;—did fascinating pictures of connubial love, and most sacred promises of marriage, induce you to trust your reputation, and your peace, in the hands of him on whom you bestowed your affections? and did he, acting more like a devil than a man,—did he, inhuman ruffian, prove treacherous? Did he rob you of your most valuable treasure: seduce you from the parental roof, and then basely cast you upon the wide world, to seek by *prostitution*, a scanty pittance? Alas, my poor sister, for, criminal as you have been, you yet have been unfortunate!—how my heart bleeds for you! Where can you turn for succor? Who will receive you, poor outcast?—Behold, Oh, man! yon wretched, ragged female, beautiful e'en in ruins! She once was happy; smiled in all the innocent gaiety of youth, health, and spirits: on her a tender father gazed delighted—an indulgent mother wept transported: but, alas, she stabbed them to the heart, in return for all their kindness, and is herself now sinking under the double weight of a diseased body, and afflicted mind. Direct, Oh, man, your attention to this poor houseless child, and cry out in triumph, if thou canst, "This is my work!" A seducer is a charactor one would have supposed, too vile for existence; but, alas! experience, to the disgrace of human nature, proves it to be too true;—and a public instance of its baneful effect in the person of Nature's child, "Poor Mary of Buttermere, having lately attracted universal attention, it is earnestly to be hoped, will operate under the influence of a merciful providence, in displaying the horrid crime of seduction in colors too bright and afflictive to be passed away in silence and fashionable indifference.—A seducer! and is there really a character vile enough to take pleasure in *propagating corruption by vitiating principles, of not only drawing others from the paths of virtue, but blocking up the way by which they should return; of having blinded them to every beauty, but the paint of pleasure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the syrens of destruction!

I have been led into this train of reflection from the following circumstance. A few evenings ago, as I was returning from a visit to a friend, a young female attracted my attention. There was an interesting melancholy in her countenance, which induced me to enter into conversation with her; and, on expressing my surprise and concern to see so young and elegant a female, (for she did not appear to be more than eighteen) in her situation, she heaved a deep sigh, and, after entering into slight explanation, requested I would accompany her to a neighboring house, where she would most willingly unfold to me her state.—I did so; and after some introductory discourse, and an earnest request on my part, that she would relate the leading features of her life, without either detraction or exaggeration, she thus began: "I was born, Sir, (said she) in————; of parents highly respectable; and tho' they were not wealthy, they possessed an independent competency.—I was their only child."----Her tears here almost choaked her utterance, till, at length, summoning up, as it were, all her spirits to the recital, she exclaimed, "But I must not, dare not reflect." Resuming, however, after a short pause, the thread of her narrative, "I was educated," continued Matilda, (for by that name I shall at present designate her) in a style suited to my rank, and was almost idolized by my fond parents, whose excess of indulgence, perhaps, tended to my ruin. When but seventeen, a young gentleman of fortune took up his abode in the town where we resided. I was introduced to him: his appearanee was of the most attractive kind: the blushes of the morning seemed to be lighted up in his cheeks, which glowed with health, whilst wit, apparently tempered with good humor, beamed from his dark eyes, whose hue was softened, without being concealed, by a pair of eye-lashes of the deepest brown. His manners were so fascinating, that my father became exceedingly fond of him, and our house was at all hours open for his reception. It is easy, Sir, to foresee the too fatal consequences. We became, as I fondly thought, mutually attached; we exchanged sentiments, vowed eternal fidelity to each other: and my seeming lover solemnly protested his intentions were honorable. I, blindly partial to the man I loved, placed entire confidence in him; and he, villain like, robbed me of my richest treasure. After this direful event, I was in truth, very miserable; but as my then dear Edward comforted me by renewed promises, and I considered myself as within a few days of becoming his for ever, I soon became reconciled,

* Dr. Johnson.

and comfortable. However, to our union, and under the idea that it would prevent any unnecessary time elapsing previous to our marriage taking place, with the most consummate hypocrisy, and deep-laid design, he used all the softest expressions, and most persuasive eloquence, to induce me to quit my parental roof; and painted the prospect of our future bliss in such alluring colors, that I too fatally fell into the snare, and consented to a private elopement. What occurred afterwards, you will excuse me the pain of a minute recital: suffice it to say, we went immediately to ———, where my seducer behaved to me for some time, with the most affectionate tenderness; but always found excuses potent and multifarious, when I pressed for the performance of his promises, and fulfilment of his engagements. He assured me, particular circumstances prevented it for a short time; but always gave me consolation, by protesting, our marriage should take place soon; and thus, by the baseness of my once loved Edward, was I beguiled, day after day, until my situation was no longer to be concealed, and I gave birth to a son, the pledge of mntual endearment. He seemed now to redouble his attentions, and vowed, as soon as I was sufficiently recovered to attend him to the altar, he would make me his forever. But, alas! a few mornings after he had thus soothed the anxiety of my mind, a letter was brought to me. Astonished, I perceived it was my Edward's hand.----I eagerly broke the seal, and conceive, if possible, my surprize and situation, when I discovered it was to inform me, cruel and irresistible necessity compelled him to part from me. He called Heaven to witness with what inexpressible anguish he quitted my fond embraces; but closed, alas! by saying, "Matilda, we must never meet again! Farewel for ever! I had scarcely time to finish the fatal letter, ere the blood forsook my already pallid cheek, my eyes grew dim, and I sunk senseless from my chair. It was with difficulty I was recovered; but a little time, with medical assistance, brought me to myself; and my enmity against the man who could thus basely deceive, and then desert, her whom he had so often sworn to love, leaving her an outcast upon this inhospitable world, without friends or money, arose to such a height, that I was resolved he should not, if he ever again heard of me, have even the satisfaction of knowing that he had made me miserable. I therefore assumed an air of gaiety, in truth, I was far from possessing; and as soon as I was able, I set out for this metropolis, with twenty pounds in my pocket; the amount of the sum the base Edward sent me in his letter; but that being soon exhausted, I commenced, Sir, the miserable life you see I now live. I could not bear the idea of returning to my parents, who, I have since been informed, bent nuder the weight of the affliction my conduct brought upon their devoted heads, both, in less than ten months after my elopement, fell asleep in the grave. My child paid the forfeit due to nature, soon after my arrival here, where I have been more than six months in infamy and wretchedness! This, Sir, is my simple narrative; the events of it are common; but though common, they are not the less deeply afflictive; and my present state is so miserable, that I would most willingly embrace an humble employment, or even a laborious servitude, rather than continue as I now am. Oh! Sir, if you were but acquainted with the anguish of this bosom, the tears of sorrow which issue from these eyes, when the lonely hours of reflection recur, your heart would---- must bleed for me. If, then, Sir, you possess, in reality, (for I may be permitted to doubt,) the compassion you express for my hapless lot, exert yourself for me; and, if in your power, conduct me from the scenes of vice, and inconceivable wretchedness, by which I am surrounded, to some safe asylum, where, removed from the mental, as well as bodily sufferings I am here compelled to endure, I may spend the remnant of my days in a zealous regard for true religion, and humble penitence for my past conduct. So may I even yet obtain that peace which this world of woe can never give." "Yes," (answered I) "my Matilda, I will exert myself for you, and, trust, ere long, to lead you hence; and placing you in some retirement, "far in the windings of a woody vale," with few, but liberal and religious associates, be the happy instrument of abridging your present portion of wretchedness, and of promoting your eternal salvation, in another and a better world, where the bliss will be as inconceivable, and its duration as boundless, as our enjoyments here below are fluctuating, and our best laid schemes visionary and fading. Do not despond; the compassion of the Deity is as illimitable, as his justice is infinite. Rely upon Him who died, that, through the shedding of his precious blood, you might obtain pardon: and take comfort from this assurance, that, with the Great Universal Parent, mercy is a distinguishing attribute; and on your sincere repentance, and amendment, will be so extended to you, that finally you will be made a partaker of the bright and enduring glories of Heaven. Flee, then, my Matilda, to religion; it is, indeed, the one thing needful: be convinced, without its abiding influence in your heart, you can know no peace here, nor entertain any just hope of it hereafter; but by unremittingly, during the remainder of your life, devoting yourself to its duties, and walking in the straight path of holiness, you will at length glide into the wished-for blissful haven of perfect security, and everlasting repose."

O, ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss, is *bliss*.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

G. B.

To the Editor of the Weekly Monitor.

SIR,

I send you a reply to a production, which appeared in the Philadelphia Repository, signed P. The Editor of the Repository declines publishing any more on the subject; together with his cessation of inserting, should be mine of writing, but the scandalous imputations, and indecent allusions, contained in my antagonist's communication, induce me to prevent him from glorying in his ignorance, and boasted superiority. For this purpose therefore I humbly request a place in your useful Monitor, and beg the patience of your readers, whilst I trust, I shall be enabled, by your generous condescension, to vindicate myself from every kind of censure.

I have always told the self-opiniated P, that he should write better English, and make his sentences intelligible; instead of that he continues in his errors, and by way of adding lustre to his bad language, tries to take a citation from Virgil—"*Crimium ne crede colori.*"—Whether he wishes to revise this highly celebrated poet, I know not; but such a word as "*crimium*" I am confident is not Latin. Oh! he can coin words perhaps in Latin as he has attempted to in English.

The second paragraph is inexplicable, and contemptible : but supposing it true, what a vast difference there is in talking to a friend, and spouting before an audience in such a part of Philadelphia as the Old Theatre.

From my language I did consider him as one of *those* disciples of Roscius, and was I not well convinced of it, in the most suppliant manner I would ask his pardon for attaching to him such a degradation ; but by calling him Mr. Vertos I did not attribute any signature in the Repository, no, no, it was ironically addressing him Mr. Truth, which, had he understood Latin he might have easily discovered ; neither need he suppose me the author of the *redoubtable M. C.* I scorn to assume the authorship of a piece, never by me written.

Leaving his useless invectives, I shall corroborate my words, and prove more fully, that, by his own saying, "regardless of gratitude *or* truth," he *positively* admitted that I had both :—if there be one *or* two persons in a place, it implies that there is but one of the mentioned numbers ; but by stating that there are one *and* two persons, it evidently makes three ; well, the conjunction *or* includes only one or the other ; he used that conjunction, therefore he could only imply either grati*or* truth. And since he chose truth, I must only of it have been regardless ; but regardless is a general proposition, and one which takes in every instance, it cannot be particular, for then it would have some mark of limitation, and when we say *" no stone is vegetable, we deny all sorts of vegetation concerning stones ;" so when we say regardless, we deny all sorts of regard ; but he gives me one instance of truth, therefore the universal negative is overthrown, and I am possessed of gratitude and truth.

Now, Sir, I will answer his instances of ingratitude, as they severally come in order—"I am regardless of gratitude, because I cast unwarrantable aspersions on persons who were performing for my amusement." Such aspersions were never thrown upon them, I criticised on the performance, in my opinion it was justly done, but why do not uninterested persons confute it? Would one of the Society, one who performed that very evening, venture to give his remarks in competition to those of an unbiassed spectator.—They did afford me some amusement during the *scene of murder*, for I laughed heartily at the *oxen-like* falls : between the play and farce, or, as I should say, farce and farce, there was "holding the mirror up to virtue" by fighting ; and indeed there have been but few, very few performances by this same Society which were not accompanied by pugnacious controversies. Shame on those, who have authority, and do not check such proceedings !

"The *gratis* performance was not intended to come before the public eye ;" how was the performance *gratis*, when each person wishing to come in, was obliged to subscribe, and that subscription was one dollar, there appeared as if there were about four hundred persons in the boxes, whose tickets at the rate of four a dollar, would amount to one hundred dollars ? If the poor had received this, they would hardly account it *gratis*. "And with this view a *select company were* invited ;" if he "father" this error, Oh ! he will not be able to enumerate his progeny. The company was of all descriptions ; even those pernicious females who infest the lower parts of our city.

"He has betrayed the confidence reposed in him by a member who considered him as *amicus intimus.*" This is, by no means, so ; a certain member of the Society, as soon as the first of P's. pieces appeared, was going about with the Repository, boasting that he was the author, that he knew the right way of treating critics, and that *that* quotation had been kept a long time to be hurled at the first commentator on their playing ; the neighbours with astonishment declared him a second † Junius, whose talents had hitherto been eclipsed, but now were risen up to defend the honour of the Association. The ground work of the last piece was not founded on that *faithful* member's disclosure ; but since it has been supposed to be so, the validity of the contents is indisputable. But what secrets were there ? the pronunciation was not, for that served as a *ludibrium* to several of the audience a long time ; the dress of Pharon might have been, but he says I got the ground work from a member, and this was part of the ground work, therefore it must be true, or the member belied the Association.

His words concerning an anonymous letter, are beyond my comprehension ; no such letter was ever written by me. much less since the present controversy.

His second row of numbers, I answer as occasion requires. "In falsely noticing the pronunciation of the performers." There was no falsity in my statement of the pronunciations, *blasting* through affectednes, *blausting* &c.—"Such a pronunciation is rarely to be found in an American tongue." American tongue ! rare expression ! can the poor creature tell what tribe of Indians speaks that tongue ?—"by some Hibernian it might be so pronounced." I have taken some pains to enquire of an Hibernian Gentleman concerning their pronunciation, and was informed that none but that sort of people known by the name of TINKERS, ever pronounced so incorrectly ; hence a common phrase "there," when a person speaks badly—"You speak like a Tinker, who picks up words at every place he mends a kettle ;" probably this bad pronunciation extends to *Tinkers* in this Western Hemisphere.

"When A. next undertakes to criticise, let him do it in correct language." It *has been done* in correct language ; he cannot I believe point out one grammatical error ; if he could, why did he not ? But both his pieces abound with them—"the performers done"—"he done" &c. nominative cases to participles, which cannot be ; how then can we suppose him capable of judging the grammar of my piece, when he cannot write a few sentences properly. Lest I should exhaust the patience of your readers, this tedious P. shall be passed over, and my piece concluded with a few remarks on HENRY. He impertinently asks "why he is coupled with the illiberal and inconsistent A ?" Why does he call me illiberal ? was I so towards him ? No, altho' I knew him to league with these players, and by a pre-concerted stratagem, throw a few partial remarks on their playing ; that they might come forward and beat him when he would, like a pitiful dog clap his tail between his legs, and sneak off with giving a few growls at A. How was I inconsistent or why does not HENRY point it out ? he cannot, but after saying "it is repugnant to his feelings to war in words," he shews *his consistency*, by giving cause for an attack, and he should have it, was I not well convinced that his piece would be without a single argument, as it is when he answers P. and pitying the *unaccustomed warrior ;* I leave him.

Now I will ask the reader whether it is possible that *apprentice boys*, as the majority of the Roscians is, with little or

* Andrews' Logic, page 91.

† Junius Brutus was thought an idiot, until the death of Lucretia, when by means of his eloquence, Tarquin and his family were forever banished from Rome.

no education, could perform such a Tragedy as Mahomet, where the niceness of pronunciation and difficulty of judging almost baffle the ablest players? It is surprising that these fellows' masters do not take better care of their boys' morals, than suffer them to go into that part of Philadelphia, and revel, after acting, over a supper.

A.

MORAL.

LINNÆUS' DREAM.

Linæus, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe, has spent many days in examining and classing those wonderful plants which he had collected from the craggy mountains of Norway. He admired their beauty and structure, but knew not their use; nor was he able accurately to determine what place they held in the vegetable creation. He saw much was to be known, and lamented his ignorance;—whilst the world was admiring him as a prodigy and father of science;—nor could he forbear bitterly bewailing the shortness of life, which puts a stop to philosophical enquiries, and renders it almost impossible to attain even the smallest degree of perfection, in any one branch of knowledge. "Alas, (said he) "why is man's existence circumscribed within such narrow bounds? and why, surrounded as he is with the glorious works of God, is he permitted to know so little of them Scarce are we born into the world—scarce do we acquire skill to perceive what is most worthy our notice, before we are snatched away, and hurried to the grave, leaving our undertaking unfinished, and in the hands of those who either have not skill to carry them on, or choose some other pursuits."

His thoughts distressed him, but still he retained that human acquiescence to the will of the Supreme Being, which is ever inseparable from a truly philosophic mind;—he knew that whatever the Author of Nature appointed was certainly right and good. Humbled, therefore, but not discontented or repining, he retired to rest, and in the visions of the night was instructed.

He fancied himself busied in searching for some extraordinary plants which he had long desired to be possessed of, and that he had wandered insensibly to one of the most delightful spots in all Norway. It was the brow of an high mountain: the vast ocean was before him, on which appeared, with swelling sails, a large fleet, passing to convey the products of the north to the more pleasing regions of the south; and on the part through a vale bounded on each side by craggy rocks, was seen the adjacent country, which the warm season, just begun, has clad in all its verdure. Beyond a river that bent its course through rich pastures filled with cattle, appeared to the right a large and populous town, over which the rising ground exhibited to the view, corn-fields, and all the variety of a well watered country; and to the left, a thick wood, through a large opening whereof, (formed by nature) was seen the ruins of an ancient castle, heretofore the seat of Gothic valor. Linæus' attention to his pursuit was for a a while suspended; and he stopt to survey alternately these pleasing scenes. In the mean time, the sun setting in full glory beneath the waves, caused the horizon to exhibit the brightest colors of the rainbow, and these gradually fading, the starry concave of Heaven began to be enlightened by the rising moon.—But soon the scene was changed, the whole sky became veiled with thick clouds, and a distant roaring proclaimed the approach of a dreadful storm.—Already the rain descended in vast torrents, the heavens blazed with lightning, and the rocks resounded with loud claps of thunder.—Linnæus, filled with terror, was seeking where to shelter himself, when a voice from a cave, (whence there suddenly issued a gleam of light) bade him approach and consider what he saw. With trembling he obeyed, and entered a spacious cavern, adorned on all sides with pointed chrystals, which had been formed by water distilling from the rock, and which reflecting the light that proceeded from a golden lamp hanging in the midst, made it as bright as day. Here he found a venerable old man, in a loose robe of purple ornamented with ermine, who had before him a large concave mirror, and in his hand a golden rod; he seemed calm and serene, and approached Linnæus with a smile of complacency that dissipated all his fears.—"Behold," said he, thy sincerest friend, who has desired thy happiness, and long sought to discover himself to thee. I would gladly always abide with thee, but the state of things in this world forbids it: and I can only use favorable opportunities of conversing with thee: at such times, I would make thee partaker of my riches, and they will continue forever. Seest thou this mirror? observe attentively what it representeth unto thee."

Having thus spoke, before Linnæus could reply, he waved his wand, and immediately there appeared a garden that had been lately planted: the trees were covered with a bright green, and began to shoot forth their various blooms on every part, and to fill the air with fragrant sweets. But suddenly there came forth those who had the care of the plantation, and stripped them of all their boughs and verdure, leaving only the bare and unadorned trunks, which, instead of the pleasant scene that before presented itself to the view, afforded only a disgustful and barren prospect.—Soon, however, there were grafted upon these, fresh branches of all kinds, and again they sprung to a more delightful verdure, and produced more fragrant blossoms, and, in the end, the finest fruits, and went on increasing in beauty, strength and usefulness.

Linnæus was filled with admiration, and began diligently to observe their various kinds, that he might know to what classes they belonged, when the venerable old man interrupted his speculations, and thus addressed himself to him:

"Know that no evil is permitted but for good, and that the shortness of life which thou lamentest, is consistent with the design of a wise and gracious God, the tender Father of all created beings. Thou sawest the plants beautiful and pleasing to the sight, and it perhaps displeased thee that they were so soon stripped of their glory, and prevented from attaining that perfection to which they seemed to be tending: but thou sawest also, that hereby they become in the end more beautiful, and instead of continuing useless objects, only pleasing to the sight, yielded the finest and most delicious fruits. So it is with man. His days are short, during which he exists in an imperfect state on earth, and he is quickly removed from thence to flourish in that more exalted station for which he was created. In this world he begins to exert the powers of his mind, and to enquire after knowledge, and having obtained some small portion of wisdom, to promise himself a great increase, and to form plans of much improvement, and of perfection in what he has undertaken; but being designed for pursuits of a still nobler kind, he has a period put to his existence and progress here: he is like the plants that thou sawest, deprived of his first beauty and lustre, in order to be

exalted to a more glorious state, and to be endowed with higher faculties, than shall be grafted on his human nature, and by the assistance of them, he shall attain the utmost his soul can desire.

" It must not be revealed to man too clearly, what are the glories of that exalted state, lest he should be unwilling to remain his appointed time in this, and rushing immaturely into it, should fail in the desired end; but he is permitted to have some faint glimpses to quicken his desires and his endeavors to fit himself for it. What happiness must there be in a state, wherein man shall have before him the prospect of existence to all eternity, without meeting with any obstacle to put a stop to his pursuits? wherein he shall have leisure thoroughly to contemplate and investigate all the ways and works of God, observing accurately every thing that exists, and learning its place, its order and design.

" What enjoyments in a state, wherein he may be permitted to learn the history of this world, through which he shall have passed, and of all its revolutions; of the actions and ways of men, and of the dealings of God with them!—wherein he may learn the history of other worlds, visible and invisible, and the scheme of Divine Providence with regard to the whole! and, reflecting thereon, may become acquainted with all the attributes of the Deity; and being filled with unfeigned love and adoration, may draw near to the Most High, and see him as he is ?"

Linnæus was in raptures at these words: he no longer lamented his condition:—he became suddenly contented with the shortness of his days, and even wished to arrive at the end of them:—but conscious how much attention and care it required to reach that desirable period in such a manner as to have well-grounded hopes of enjoying the state of happiness he so earnestly wished for, he addressed himself to the sage, to beg his direction and instruction. " Venerable monitor," he cried, " teach me! O teach me! how to live! so that I may attain a happy end." But such was the fervor and solicitude of his mind, that he awoke, and lo! that which he had seen and heard—was but a dream!

WEEKLY REGISTER.

On the evening of the 7th instant a dreadful gale of wind came on in the harbor of Charleston, and continued blowing with the most extreme violence until the morning of the 9th, accompanied at intervals, with heavy showers of rain. The wind was first at N. E. in the course of the morning of the 8th it changed to E. and in the afternoon to S. E. The whole of the wharves from Gadsden's on Cooper's river, to the extent of South Bay, have received very considerable damage; the heads and sides of them are washed away. Of the vessels in the harbour, but three or four have escaped without injury, five or six are sunk, several others are on shore, and many have bilged or gone to pieces—and one overset. The tide made a breach over the wharves, and drove many vessels on them; several stores were blown or washed down.

On the South Bay, the whole of the bulwark made against the water is in ruins, and the house of William Veitch, built on made ground, was washed down.—In the city most of the trees in the streets and many of the fences were blown down, and almost every slated house in part unroofed. New East-Bay-street is destroyed: the sea made clear breaches through it, and washing into Water-street, compelled the inhabitants to quit their houses. In this part of the city the tide rose three feet higher than it has been known since the hurricane of 1752; the whole of Water-street was covered, and in Meeting-street the water was two feet deep.—The east end of the fish market carried away, and the foundations shaken. But few lives were lost in the gale.—Fort Johnson is destroyed, and fort Pinckney very much injured.—Accounts from the country say that the cotton plants are destroyed, and the rice fields so covered with water, that it could not be ascertained what damage the banks have sustained.—On Sullivan's Island from fifteen to twenty houses were undermined by the water and washed away; the inhabitants of which lost almost every thing that was in them.—We learn that sickness and mortality prevails in several counties in Virginia adjacent to Petersburgh; it is said that the dry season joined to a large number of mill-ponds, are the causes of this mortality.—On the 13th instant, says a Troy paper, a boat laden with stone, sunk near one of the abutments; nine men were in it, one of whom, (a native of Wales, by the name of Howell) was drowned. His wife and two children arrived there from Europe, the very day on which his body was found and taken from its watery grave.—On the 6th of July, at Marseilles, Blanchard made his fifty-sixth ascension, with four young ladies and four young gentlemen, who danced a quadrille in the air, 1500 feet from the earth; an event which has never before taken place. The dance continued for a quarter of an hour, when one of the ladies and one of the gentlemen were taken ill, which obliged him to descend. They were, however, all well enough to appear at the Theatre in the evening, where they were received with repeated applause.---On the 20th of July last, the foundation of two very old houses in Duke-street, London, gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, consisting of eight poor families, were buried in the ruins. It happened at half past six o'clock in the morning when the people were in bed, and yet, strange to tell, not one life was lost: by the exertion of the neighbours, thirty-six persons were released from their painful situation, many of them were bruised in a dreadful manner.

Locusts.—A letter from Monghin, received at London, states, that a large flight of locusts crossed the Ganges about the middle of June, and seemed to follow the course of the river westward into Oude. Since which, accounts have been received from England, which relate that they had increased in numbers to an astonishing degree, darkening the whole face of the sky for near an hour. The natives were much alarmed at their appearance, but they were soon relieved from their apprehensions, by their turning short without alighting, and taking a northerly direction, and proceeding with a quick and regular flight towards the mountains in the Gurrah Country, in the vallies beyond which they are supposed to have descended; in the event of which we may shortly expect to hear melancholy accounts of their depredations.

HYMENEAL RECORD.

On the sixteenth inst. *Botis Raser*, to Miss *Elizabeth Johnson*, both of this city.

At West Chester, on the 19th, *John Reed* to Miss *Jeffers*, both of Goshen, Chester County.

On the 24th, *Joseph Lloyd*, attorney at law, to Miss *Lavinia Knight*, daughter of Dr. Samuel Knight, deceased, both of this city.

On the 25th, *Peter Boult*, of Liverpool, to Miss *Eddowes*, daughter of Ralph Eddowes of this city.

OBITUARY.

At Charleston on the 10th inst. in the 21st year of his age, Charles M. Taylor, son of John M. Taylor, Esq. of this city.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 15th to the 22d inst. Adults 19, children 19—Total 38.

POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

Mr. EDITOR,

Perusing an old Magazine, the following lines arrested my attention, from their application and similitude to an event, in which I was deeply interested. The insertion of them in your useful Monitor, may entertain by their merit some of your readers, and will greatly oblige, yours, &c.

A YOUNG MAN.

ON MRS. M———.

SHALL wanton love attune the guilty lay,
And flattery its insiduous tribute pay ?
Shall transient beauty quite engross the muse,
And real virtue its true praises lose ?
Forbid it, Heav'n ! Assist, lest recent grief
O'erflow, preventing ev'n this small relief :
Let grief subside, and resignation calm,
To my pain'd heart apply, her lenient balm.
In early bloom of youth, Eliza fled
From earth, and mingled with the sober dead !
But not till heaven, propitious, had prepar'd
Her ripen'd soul for its immense reward.
Preventing mercy, by a parents' care,
Guided her steps, nor suffer'd her to err :
Turning from pleasures vain, she sought the road
Where pious spirits find a pard'ning God :
And soon his goodness taught her soul to know,
Joys that from genuine religion flow.
Guided by gospel precepts, glad she strove
To walk in faith, in purity, and love.
Ten nuptial months their fleeting circles run,
(Is lasting bliss, alas ! beneath the sun ?)
When her sad partner weeps Eliza gone !
Gone ! that endearing, that attracting mind,
The gentle virtuous, and the sweetly kind ;
Th' obedient daughter, and the faithful wife ;
The friend, the sister, form'd for social life !
That smiling form is vanish'd from my sight,
Whose cheerful aspect ever spoke delight :
Here all her graces busy thought could tell,
And sweetly pensive on her mem'ry dwell :
Yet, O ! she's gone !———————
Gone ! whom I lov'd, as Jesse's faithful son
Lov'd his deserving, grateful Jonathan :
Like him I sigh ! I am distrest for thee,
My friend, my sister ! pleasant wast thou to me.
But here, Almighty Providence, I pause—
Just are thy ways, and righteous all thy laws !
'Tis not for worms to ask thy action's cause.
Yet this we know, that thou dost all things well !
Thou castest down to raise ; and wound'st to heal !
Convinc'd of this, we own thee good and just ;
" And where we can't unravel, learn to trust."

See in yon mansions, where the radiant train
Of happy spirits in full triumph reign,
With snow-white robes adorn'd, and circling wreath,
The dear departed lives, secure from pain and death :
Immortal pleasure sparkles in those eyes,
Where artless friendship shone without disguise :
Her tuneful voice, that voice which often here
With sacred hymns allur'd the list'ning ear,
Joins in Hosannahs to a golden lyre,
And swells the concert of the raptur'd choir.
See by her side, or in maternal arms,
A babe, transported from impending harms ;
Whom gracious heav'n, preventing ills to come,
Caught from the birth to its eternal home !
Here a bright ray, auspicious from the sky,
Beams on my soul, and dries the tearful eye :
Ere long (all gracious thou, how soon :
O ! might the sun of life set ere its noon !
But long it cannot be) I soon shall join
My friend, my sister : then for ever mine.
Love stronger far than death shall re-unite
Our kindred spirits in the realms of light.
Till then let this my fix'd attention have.
(This harvest reap'd from my Eliza's grave)
Since death is to the youngest ever nigh,
Nor anxious wish for life, now fear to die :
Think human bliss will speak at every breeze,
Like slightest cobwebs on the waving trees ;
That this is wisdom, to live near to him
Who dy'd, my soul from death eternal, to redeem.

THE MARINER.

SOFT came the breath of spring ; smooth flow'd the tide,
And blue the heaven in its mirror smil'd ;
The white sail trembled, swell'd, expanded wide,
The busy sailors at the anchor toil'd.

With anxious friends, that shed the parting tear,
The deck was throng'd—how swift the moments fly !
The vessel heaves, the farewell signs appear ;
Mute is each tongue, eloquent each eye !

The last dread moment comes !—The sailor-youth
Hides the big drop, and smiles amid his pain,
Sooths his sad bride, and vows eternal truth,
" Farewell, my love—we shall—shall meet again !"

Long on the stern, with waving hand, he stood ;
The crowded shore sinks, lessening, from his view,
As gradual glides the bark along the flood ;
His bride is seen no more—" Adieu !—Adieu !"

The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile is o'er,
Dim steals her twilight down the crimson'd west,
He climbs the top-most mast, to seek once more
The far-seen coast, where all his wishes rest.

He views its dark line on the distant sky,
And fancy leads him to his little home,
He sees his weeping love, he hears her sigh,
He sooths her griefs, and tells of joys to come.

Eve yields to night, the breeze to wintry gales,
In one vast shade the seas and shores repose ;
He turns his aching eyes,—his spirit fails,
The chill tear falls ;—sad to the deck he goes !

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furl'd
Deep sounds the lead, but finds no friendly shore,
Fast oe'r the waves the wretched bark is hurl'd,
" O Ellen, Ellen ! we must meet no more !"

Lightnings, that shew the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul !

Ah ! what avails the seamen's toiling care !
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riv'n ;
The sounds of terror groan along the air,
Then sink afar ;—the bark on rocks is driven !

VOLNEY's VIEW
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

In the press, and speedily will be published,
By JOHN CONRAD & Co.
No. 30, Chesnut street,
(Price 225 cents)

A VIEW of the climate and soil of the United States of America ; to which is subjoined an account of Florida, of the French colony on the Sciota, and of certain colonies in Canada ; with remarks on the Indian tribes.

Translated from the French of
C. F. VOLNEY,
Member of the Conservative Senate and of the French National Institute, Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.
By C. B. BROWN ;
With a preface and occasional remarks by the Translator.

This work may be safely pronounced the most ample and accurate view of the physical condition of the United States that is extant. The errors into which the author as a foreigner and a temporary observer could not fail sometimes to fall, have been carefully amended.

NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the estate of MARTHA LLEWELYN, of Lower Merrion, Montgomery County, deceased, are requested to bring forward their accounts properly arranged for settlement, to the subscriber, at No. 295, North Third Street, Philadelphia.

JONATHAN CARMALT.

9th mo. 22d, 1804.

PUBLISHED BY
ABRAHAM VICKERS,
No. 77, North Third-street, Philadelphia.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.